PALMS of CLIM

by

CAROLINE LEONARD GOODENOUGH

Obtainable at 25 cts Per Copy from
A. G. COMINGS,
37 West College St.
OBERLIN, OHIO.

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St.
John M. Baptist
1872-1940

Elim

№1

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Boldly

When bat-tle's clang is end-ed, And when the con-flict's o-ver, When
That place of sweet re-fresh-ment, Is at the feet of Je-sus, 'Tis
Oh, turn a-side ye pil-grims, Re-fresh your souls in Je-sus, He

march-ing for the night is done, A-cross the part-ed sea. A
there He stills the tu-mult That is in the trou-bled breast. In
is the palm of com-fort, And He is the foun-tain's brink. The

place of rest-ing waits us, Be-neath the palms of E-lim, A
place of drear-y sor-row, He gives the oil of glad-ness, The
Chris-tian hath his E-lim, A-long his des-ert jour-ney, The

place of sweet re-fresh-ment, For the souls of you and me.
gar-ment of thanks-giv-ing, And the rose of peace and rest.
fount of life is flow-ing, Come ye thirs-ty souls and drink.

We Praise Thee

№2

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato

1. For ev - 'ry spire whose fin - ger points a - bove, Call - ing the
2. For ev - 'ry soul that's borne the toil and strife, And passed vic -
3. For wealth of beau - ty o - ver hill and plain, For ev - 'ry
4. For strains of mu - sic that the soul doth thrill, In - stru - ment,
heart its God to serve and love, For ev - 'ry shrine of
to - rious thru the gates of life, For ev - 'ry soul that's
flow'r that drinks the sun and rain, Splen - dor of clouds and
voice and bird and bee and rill, Giv - ing ex - pres - sion
wor - ship and of pray'r, We praise the God who waits to meet us there.
in the nar-row way, We praise the Giv - er of all grace each day.
stars up - on their course, We praise the Be - ing who is beau - ty's source.
to the deep-est heart, We praise the One who mu - sic doth im - part.

5. For all that calls us from the quest of gain,
For Christ's sweet comfort, in the hour of pain,
For faithful pleadings of our Spirit-guide,
We praise the Friend who's ever at our side.

6. For better days, when partings are no more,
For rest remaining, on a happier shore,
Hope of reunion there, of friend with friend,
We'll praise our God, in worlds that have no end.

Beloved now are we the Sons of God

I John: 3, 2.

№ 3

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato with expression

Be - lov - ed, now are we the sons of God, And it

doth not yet ap - pear What we shall be, But we know when He doth ap -

pear, We shall be like Him, We shall be like Him, For we'll

rit.

see Him as He is.

REFRAIN

And ev - 'ry man that hath this hope Is pu - ri - fied as Christ is pure. pure.

And he that hath this hope Is pure as Christ is pure, is pure. pure.

1 2

Who are these that are arrayed in White Robes?

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 4

C. L. G.

Andantino

Who are these that are ar - rayed in white robes? And whence came they?

These are they that have come out of great trib - u - la - tion, And have

washed their robes and made them white In the blood of the Lamb.

A little faster

There - fore are they be - fore the throne of God, And

serve Him day and night in His tem - ple. They shall

a tempo.

hun - ger no more, Nei - ther thirst an - y more, For the Lamb up - on the

throne shall feed them, And shall lead them to foun-tains of wa - ters.

REFRAIN

And God shall wipe a - way all tears, from their

And God shall wipe a - way all tears, all tears, from their

tears, all tears from their

eyes, And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their

eyes, And God shall wipe, wipe a-way all tears, all tears from their

eyes,

rit.

eyes, And God shall wipe a - way all tears from their eyes.

all tears, all tears

Hath the Hand of the Lord waxed short

Num. 11

№5

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Maestoso

Is the hand of the Lord waxed short? Hath He

spo - ken and shall He not do it? See now

rit.

there - fore if His Word shall come to pass or not.

rit.

Andante

The grass with - er - eth,

The grass with - er - eth, The flow - er

The grass with - er - eth, The flow'r

The grass with - er - eth,

fa - deth, But the Word of our God shall stand for - ev - er.

That The Trial Of Your Faith

I Peter: 1

№ 6

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato with expression

That the tri-al of your faith, More precious than gold that perish-eth, Tho' it be

tried by fire, Be found un-to praise and glo-ry, At ap-

ad lib

pear-ing of Je-sus Christ Whom hav-ing not seen, Whom hav-ing not seen ye

slow

love, ye love. In whom though now ye see Him not, In whom though now ye see Him

Cho.

a tempo.

mf

not, Yet be-liev-ing, ye re-joice With joy un-speak-a-ble and full of glo-ry.

mf

Come, Let Us Reason Together

Num. 17
Isaih: 1

№7

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Recitative *Pleadingly*

Be - hold, we die, we per-ish, we all per-ish.

slow

Who-so com-eth near the Lord shall die, shall we be consumed with dy-ing.

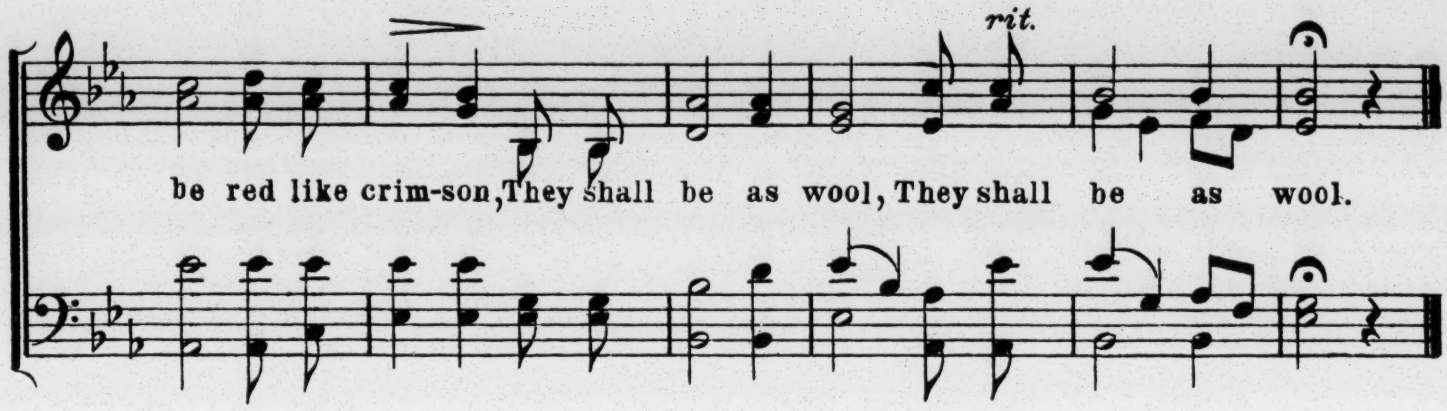
Moderato e dolce

Come let us rea-son to - geth-er, saith the Lord, Tho' your sins be as

CHO. *mf* *slow* CHO. *mf*

scar-let, They shall be as white as snow. Tho' they be red like crim-son Tho' they

f



I Shall See Him But Not Now

Numbers: 24

№8

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Recitative

I shall see Him but not now, Shall be - hold Him but not nigh. There shall rise a Star out of Ja - cob, And a Scep-ter from Is - ra - el, Out of Ja-cob shall rise He that shall have do-min - ion A - men A - men A - men A - men.

rit.

rit.

How Goodly Are Thy Tents

№ 9

Num. 23

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

How good - ly are thy tents, oh Ja-cob, And thy tab-er - na-cles, oh

Is - ra - el. As val - leys are they spread, As gar-dens by the riv - er - side.

As trees the Lord hath plant-ed, As ce-dars be - side the

wa - ters. Bless - ed is he that bless - eth thee, Curs-ed is he that

curs-eth thee, Oh Is - ra - el of God, Oh Is - ra - el of God.

rit.

p

What Hath God Wrought?

Num. 23

№ 10

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Maestoso

What hath God wrought? God is not a man that He should lie. Nor the son of

man that He should re - pent. Hath He said and shall He not do it? Hath He

spo-ken, shall He not make it good? He hath not beheld in - iq-ui-ty in Ja-cob, Nor

seen perverseness in Is-ra-el. The Lord, his God is with him, The shout of a

King is a - mong them. Hal-le - lu - jah A - men, Hal-le - lu - jah A - men.

The Offering

№11

Num. 18
Lev. 20

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Of the corn of the threshing floor, Of the in-crease of the wine-press, Ye shall

of - fer the best to the Lord; Of the ful - ness there - of, And pol - lute not,

Inst.

rit.

And pol - lute not the ho - ly things, lest ye die, lest ye die.

CHORUS

a tempo.

Ye shall of - fer of your own free will, And ye shall be ho - ly un - to

a tempo.

me, For I the Lord am ho - ly, And ye shall be mine, be mine.

Benediction

№ 12

I Peter: 5-10

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

With reverence

But the God of all grace, who hath called you to e - ter - nal

glo - ry, By Je - sus Christ, our Lord, Aft - er

ye have suf - fered a - while, Make you per - fect, 'stab - lish,

CHORUS

rit. *a tempo.*

strengthen, set - tle you. To Him be the glo - ry and do -

rit. *a tempo.*

min - ion for - ev - er. A - men, A - men, A - men, A - men.

rit. *rit.*

Thanksgiving

№ 13

C. L. GOODENOUGH C. L. G.

1. Thank God for clouds, Oh what a lack would be,
2. Thank God for trees, Al - most like friends they seem,

If in the dazz - ling blue we could not trace, In
So hu - man - like their great shafts up - ward rise, With

chang - ing love - li - ness of form and hue, The
sub - - - tle sense of their com - pan - ion - ship, We

float - ing gar - ments of their melt - ing grace.
nes - tle 'neath them yearn - ing up - ward to the skies.

3. Thank God for birds, earth were how sore bereft,
Of how much happiness and lilting song,
If we should miss their flashing in and out,
With pipe and carol all the summer long.

4. Thank God for flowers, O darlings of the vale,
O kisses of the angels on the sod;
With fair illumined text ye tell the tale,
That speaks the beauty and the love of God.

The Land

№ 14

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Maestoso

1. Hail thee thou fav-ored land of Pal-es-tine, Whose hill-sides once by
2. Hail ru-ral vil-lage, lit-tle Beth-le-hem, Where in the man-ger
3. O Naz-a-reth deep nest-ling in the vale, Where Je-sus played a
ho-ly feet were trod; Where earn-est souls now turn as to a shrine, To trace the
lay that wondrous child. Was hon-or e'er be-stowd as this, that came Un-sought to
child be-side the door, How couldst thou spurn Him when He told the tale, Gos-pel of
foot-prints of the Son of God, To trace the foot-prints of the Son of God.
thee and to that mother mild, Unsought to thee and to that mother mild.
love to bro-ken-hearted poor, Gos-pel of love to bro-ken-hearted poor.

4. Hail, beauteous lake, thou smiling Galilee,
For Jesus lay asleep upon thy breast,
And at His Word, thy raging angry sea
Obeyed His voice and hushed its waves to rest.

5. Bethany, hail! Thy hospitable door
Received the weary Saviour to its peace,
There wealth of tears and ointment did outpour,
With love and perfume that shall never cease.

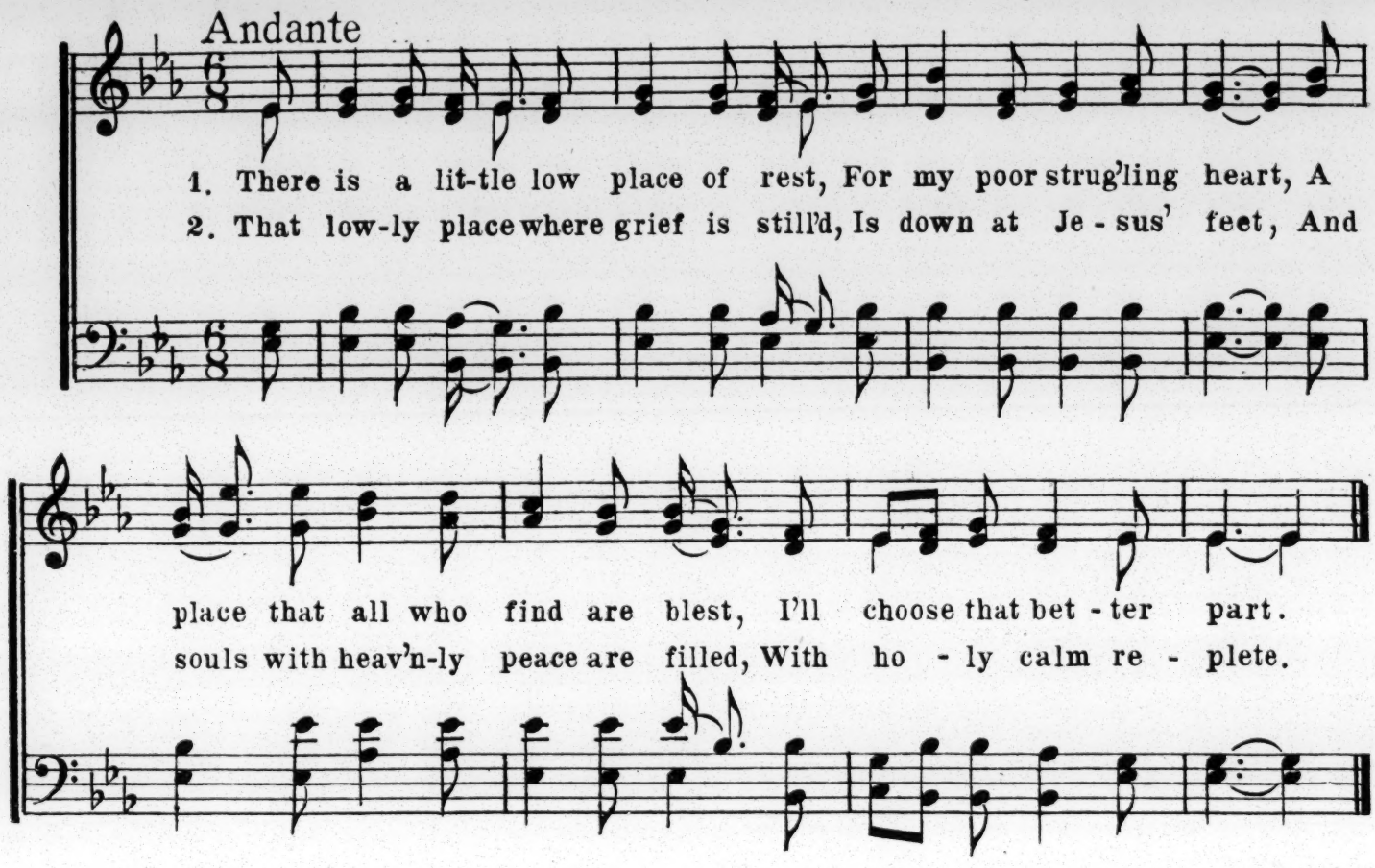
6. Say, shall we hail thee, great Jerusalem,
Where Jesus died upon His cross of pain?
Yea, for we know hereafter thou shalt say
Blest be the Christ who comes a King to reign.

The Low Place

№ 15

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin


Andante
1. There is a lit-tle low place of rest, For my poor strug'ling heart, A
2. That low-ly place where grief is still'd, Is down at Je - sus' feet, And
place that all who find are blest, I'll choose that bet - ter part.
souls with heav'n-ly peace are filled, With ho - ly calm re - plete.

3.

And things that worry and distress,
There lose their bitter sting,
The smile of God doth soothe and bless,
And love rules every thing.

4.

And there the ill is turned to good,
And gain is earthly loss,
Though hated and misunderstood,
We joy to bear the cross.

5.

Oh precious Lord still keep me there,
Within that lowly place,
Till I go home my crown to wear,
And thank Thee face to face.

Home
№ 16

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

SOLO and CHORUS

May be sung as a duet, Tenor and Soprano following the upper notes of the bass in the accpt.

Andante *dolce*

1. A stran-ger in a for-eign land, Thro' this dark world I roam, A trav-'ler on my pil-grim staff, I seek a heav'n-ly home.
2. I've no a-bid-ing cit-y here, I seek a world to come, To dwell with those I love so dear, In my Re-deem-er's home.
3. An un-seen way be-fore me lies, And dark doth press the night, I have a build-ing in the skies, Where Je-sus is the light.
4. And so I'll sing a-long the road, Tho' press'd by tri-als sore, For rest and home and joy and love, Are ly-ing just be-fore.

rit. e dim.

REFRAIN

Soon I'll reach my home, my home, Bright bless-ed home, To dwell with Christ, my Sav-ior, King, In my e-ter-nal home, my home.

home, home, home, home.

The Sympathizer

№ 17

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Slow

1. He hath borne our sor - rows and car - ried our grief, The won-der-ful words bring an in-stant re - lief, The touch of their heal-ing sur -
2. I came to Je - sus so long a - go, I learned the path-way of pray-er to know, He nev - er fail-eth to pass - es be - lief, When we turn to Je - sus for com - fort.
3. Though still the path-way of sor - row I tread, And earth - ly trou-bles a - round me are spread, Tho' friend-ship be fick - le, and help be - stow, When I turn to Je - sus for com - fort.
4. His ten-der com - pas-sions they nev - er will fail, What ev - er be-tides me my soul shall pre-vail, Till safe I am gath ered with - pros-pects be dead, I turn to Je - sus for com - fort.
in Heav-en's veil, I ll turn to Je - sus for com - fort.

REFRAIN

Moderato

Oh my heart finds com - fort in my Sav - ior, He's a

cit - y of ref-uge un - to me, There's no one like Je - sus to

bind the break-ing heart, And to set the cap - tive spir - it free.

Oh there's no one else but Je - sus, There is no one else but Je - sus, There is

no one else but Je - sus, That can bind the break-ing heart. There is

no one else but Je - sus, There is no one else but Je - sus, There is

slow

no one else but Je - sus, That can bind the break-ing heart.

Come We Now Our King To Praise

(For Easter)

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 18

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Cantabile

1. Come we now our King to praise, Lord of life to
2. Here we turn with will - ing feet, In His courts a -
3. How up - on that ear - ly morn, In the still - ness
4. How He's now at God's right hand, While with an - gels

end - less days, Deep, un - search-a - ble His ways, Al - le -
gain re - peat Thrill - ing sto - ry, won - drous sweet, Al - le -
of the dawn, For all time new hope was born, Al - le -
'round Him stand Souls re - deemed from ev - 'ry land, Al - le -

lu - ia, praise the Lord! Once a - gain that
lu - ia, praise the Lord! How the souls who
lu - ia, praise the Lord! He, the grave no
lu - ia, praise the Lord! How He leads the

tale we tell, How He con - quered death and hell,
held Him dear, Sought His grave with fall - ing tear,
more could hold, But saints watched the clouds un - fold,
hosts of pray'r, Mak - ing in - ter - ces - sion there,

Broke from suf-fer - ing earth their spell, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord!
How the Lord Him - self drew near, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord!
Bear - ing Christ to bliss un - told, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord!
Till we too, His glo - ry share, Al - le - lu - ia, praise the Lord!

P

C L.GOODENOUGH.
Exodus 28

№ 19

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

1. The glo - ry and the beau-ty Of God should us a - dorn, When
2. The robe of truth and kind-ness, Of right-eous-ness and pray'r, With
3. Then God His se-cret wis-dom Shall to our souls im-part, And
4. And from our fore-heads ev - er Shall shine this sa-cred word, We're

to our dai - ly du - ty, We go forth in the morn.
names of those be - jew - elled Whom on our hearts we bear.
pleas-ant fruit and mu - sie Shall fill the life and heart.
set a - part for ser - vice, Made ho - ly to the Lord.

CHORUS

Ho - li-ness un-to the Lord, Ho - li-ness un - to the Lord,

This be our mot-to for - ev - er, 'Tis Ho - li-ness un - to the Lord.

The Overcomers

№ 20

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

1. Hear the prom-ise of the Spir-it Ring-ing o'er the bat-tle's strife,
2. Ye that have the grave be-fore you, Hear ye what the Spir-it saith,
3. Ye whose hun-gry heart is crav-ing, Hear the Spir-it's prom-ise sweet,
4. Hear what saith the Ho - ly Spir-it, Fee-ble chil-dren of an hour,
5. Hear what saith the Ho - ly Spir-it To o'er-com-ers in the race,

rit.

He that o-ver-comes is giv - en, Ac-cess to the tree of life.
He that o-ver-com-eth shall not Have to fear the sec-ond death.
Sure-ly He that o - ver - com - eth Shall of hid-den man-na eat.
He that o-ver-comes is giv - en To hold na-tions in his pow'r.
Each shall have his name ac - knowl-edged E'en be-fore the Fa-ther's face.

CHORUS
a tempo.

They o-ver-came thro' the blood of the Lamb, They o-ver-came thro' the

blood of the Lamb, And the word of their tes-ti-mo-ny to His grace, To their Sav-ior's grace.

6. Hear what saith the Holy Spirit,
Weak disciple of the Lord,
Overcomers shall be pillars,
In the temple of their God.

7. Hear what saith the Holy Spirit,
To His chosen and His own,
He that overcomes is granted,
That He shares his Savior's throne.

O Let Me Hear
The Voice Of One That Speaketh

Num. 14: 8.

№ 21

C. L. GOODENOUGH
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato

1. Oh! let me hear the voice of One that speaketh In goodness and in grace, And let me know that in God's heart of mer - cy My soul finds rest - ing place.
2. And let my heart be un - to Thee, my Sav - ior, As was that ark di-vine, Where ev - er o'er the mer - cy seat, blood sprinkled, Thy pres - ence blest did shine.
3. And let thine an-gels ev - er hov-er round me, Thy Cher-u-bim so bright, Nor leave my tremb-ling soul for e'en an in - stant, That trusts Thee day and night.

CHORUS

The Lord is long-suf-fer-ing and of great mer-cy, For - giv - ing in - iq - ui - ty and trans- gres - sion, And by no means clear-ing the guil - ty, Par-don ac-cord-ing to Thy mer-cy, The greatness of Thy mercy, All the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.

The River Of Grace

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 22

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato, with feeling

1. There's a might - y riv - er flowing, Thro' life's sul-try ar - id plains, And its sourc - es are e - ter - nal, It de - pends not on the rains. With per -
2. Oh this grand e - ter - nal riv - er, How its beau-ty cheers our way, As we fol - low on our jour-ney, To the por - tals of the day. Tho' the
3. Oh the riv - er of sal - va-tion, Is the cure of ev - 'ry ill, That the flesh of man is heir to, And 'tis flow - ing free - ly still. There is
4. Oh the stream of grace a - bounding, We will fol-low to its source, From the throne of God it is - sues, With its pu - ri - fy - ing force. And we'll

pet - ual e - ven cur - rent, Flows its deep re-sist - less tide, 'Tis the
wil - der - ness be wea - ry, And the stag - - es may be long, Those who
heal - ing for the bod - y, There is heal - ing for the mind, There is
drink from that pure foun-tain, Thro' Heav'n's bright e - ter - nal day, That has

riv - er of God's mer - cies, From the cross where Je - sus died.
drink of Grace, the riv - er, They are hap - py, they are strong.
heal - ing for the spir it, Those who drink may free - ly find.
raised our heads when droop - ing, As we drank be - side life's way.

CHORUS

Oh the grace that's in Christ

mf

Oh the grace, the grace that's in Christ Je - sus, Is the

mf

Oh the grace that's in Christ

drink - ing place for me,

f>

drink-ing, drink-ing place for me, for me, For it lifts the head when

f

drink - ing place for me,

droop - ing,

cresc.

droop-ing, droop-ing, And 'tis close at hand and free. And I'll rec-om - mend it

and free.

cresc.

droop - ing,

glad - ly, To the oth ers as I go, I go, For sal -

glad-ly, glad-ly, glad - ly,

dim.

ask - ing,

rit.

va-tion's free for ask-ing, ask-ing, Come and prove your-self, 'tis so. 'tis so.

dim.

rit.

Burning Bush

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 23

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato

1. A com - mon bush a - fire for God, Is this poor
2. Once Mo - ses turn - ing from his path, To view that
3. We now but dim - ly un - der - stand, The Spir - it's
4. He en - er - giz - es all the soul, He brings in

heart of mine, I feel a flame come
sight pro - found, A bush a - flame but
pow'r with - in, That pu - ri - fies the
joy and love, In deep hu - mil - i -

leap - ing up, From hid - den source Di - vine.
not con - sumed, Was warned, 'twas ho - ly ground.
yield - ed heart, That burns the dross and sin.
ty we own, We're born of God a - bove.

REFRAIN Andante

Oh Spir - it burn Thou on, Burn on Thou flame Di - vine, And

rit.

pu - ri - fy our hearts from all Th.t is not tru - ly Thine.

P

My Savior King

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 24

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Cantabile

1. I'm here but for to - day, I'm here but not to stay, Full
2. That realm I do not know, To which my soul doth go, But
3. And in that good-ly land, Up - on that gold-en strand, My
4. They beck- on now to me, And soon with them I'll be, And

soon I'll pass a - way, To join my Sav - ior King, To
where sweet pleas - ures flow, I'll join my Sav - ior King, I'll
friends in glo - ry stand, A - round my Sav - ior King, A -
through e - ter - ni - ty I'll praise my Sav - ior King, I'll

join my Sav - ior King, To join my Sav - ior King, And
join my Sav - ior King, I'll join my Sav - ior King, But
round my Sav - ior King, A - round my Sav - ior King, My
praise my Sav - ior King, I'll praise my Sav - ior King, And

soon from hence I'll pass a - way, To join my Sav - ior King.
where sweet pleas - ures flow, I'll join my Sav - ior King.
friends in glo - ry stand, A - round my Sav - ior King.
through e - ter - ni - ty, I'll praise my Sav - ior King.

The Dark Days

№ 25

C. L. GOODENOUGH C. L. G.

1. How sweet is the sound of the bird's song, That sings in the des-o-late rain, And songs we sing in the dark days, God lis-tens and loves the strain.
2. Some-time we'll look back on the dark days, And thank God for them all, He let not one sor-row too ma-ny A-cross our path-way fall.
3. How few there are left of the dark days, For eith-er you or me! How soon where they nev-er can en-ter, We'll find our-selves to be!

More sweet than the an-gels' an-thems, Are ours when joys are dim, 'Tis faith's brave song in the dark days, Brings glo-ry un-to Him.
No cloud with-out sil-ver lin-ing, No tear-drop but fruit-ful grain, No heart-ache with-out fru-i-tion, Of bless-ed-ness aft-er pain.
So then by our song in the dark days, We'll prove while life shall last, We are heirs of the days of glo-ry, When sor-row-ful days are past.

un-to Him.
aft-er pain.
days are past.

Still Waters

No. 26

C. L. GOODENOUGH

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Cantabile

1. There's a deep con - tent in Je - sus, That doth sat - is - fy the soul, From sin's mal - a - dy so griev-ous, He doth cleanse and make us whole.
2. In the hour of fierce temp - ta-tion, Or of per - se-cu - tion sore, Saved from in-ward con-dem - na-tion, Still His grace a - bun-deth more.
3. Though we walk thro' pain and sor-row, Though the path be rough and steep, Yet we know a bright to - mor-row, Waits the soul that Christ doth keep.
4. There's re - lief from fear and sad-ness, There's a gen - tle heal - ing balm, That doth touch our souls in glad-ness, When He speaks the word of calm.

mp

The Lord bless thee and keep thee, Make His face to shine and be gracious, The.

mp

f

rit.

Lord lift up His coun - te-nance, And give thee peace

f

5. There's a blest reunion nearing,
With the souls who've gone before,
Found in Him at His appearing,
We shall meet to part no more.

Pressing On

C. L. GOODENOUGH

№ 27

C. L. G.
Arr. by Z. M. Parvin

Moderato

1. From out my chas-tened heart a song is swell-ing, To Christ, the Fa - ther's Son, Faith's rain-bow shines e'en tho' the tears are well-ing, And still I'm pressing on.
2. What tho' the clouds a - bove are dark and drear-y, And storms a - round me break, What tho' my feet up - on the way are wea-ry, I shall my jour-ney make.
3. What tho' the dif - fi - cult as-cent I'm climb-ing, Or if the floods I wade, My Lord's sweet word with-in my soul is chim-ing, 'Tis I, be not a - fraid.
4. The light at last of Heav'n's su-per-nal morn-ing, To me shall sure - ly come, And with my jour-ney end-ed in the dawn-ing, I shall ar-rive at home.

CHORUS

mf

I'm press-ing on to meet my Lord in glo - ry, I'm press-ing on, I'm press - ing on, I'm press - ing on to sing re-demp-tion's sto - ry, To Heav'n I'm press - ing on.